



WCSR

Smith College

10 Prospect St., Northampton, Mass.

April 6, 1949.

Dear Mr. Tuttle,

I apologize most sincerely for my tardy reply to your letter before vacation. I have tried to see you ~~personally~~ at Studies, without success, for the only time I am sure of finding ~~before~~ before or after Theatre 11 lectures, conflicts with a two-hour art lab.

So before my reply ~~really becomes~~ sheer negligence, I would like to explain to you the activities of WCSR this year and its relation to you. We are on five nights a week, with a Production Head who supervises ~~five~~ One-Night-a-Week producers who in turn plan their particular night's program. This means that I, as Executive Secretary, have little contact with originating programs, but have acted rather as a liaison between the different departments in radio and between WCSR and other college stations. Our problems have been of two types:

1. Technical----- Which have revolved around Mr. Albert King, both in pushing him on to completion of the equipment and in trying to get to the bottom of the problem of why reception in the Quad is poor, while houses further away from campus than yours have heard (and enjoyed) our programs.

2. Gok seyler-----Turkish for "little things in general." (I have met my first live Turk, and he has started teaching me Turkish in preparation for next year.) ^{These} difficulties were caused not so much by ignorance of radio methods, but by inexperience on the part of the production heads in picking responsible girls to assist them and in being able to cultivate responsibility in the others. Then the ever present fact that exams do take precedence over even radio brought periods of fatigue and pressure, and the only solution to that has always been a good night's sleep.

Because of the difficulty in catching you in free moments, when advise has been needed we have seen Mrs. Cook or Mr. Bodden. I am sorry if you feel we have been too independent, for we have not consciously tried to be.

The new officers have been elected and will do their duties well, I am sure. All plans for next year are now out of my hands, and I am finding myself regretfully moving from the ~~walls~~ of 10 Prospect Street into the world of a radio listener.

Sincerely, *Louise Deitz*



2020-21

Dear Mr. Justice